A

UNIVERSAL PRAYER,

&c. &c.

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER;

Death;

A VISION OF HEAVEN;

AND

A VISION OF HELL.

BY

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AUTHOR OF

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SHARON TURNER, Esq.,

F.S.A., R.A.S.L.,

AS A

SLIGHT BUT SINCERE TOKEN OF ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

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A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

" It is not Eloquence, but Earnestness."

HANNAH MORE, *on Prayer.*



A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Primeval Power, Almighty and Supreme,
Omniscient, Omnipresent, and Eterne,
The Uncreated God! at whose command
Nature and Time did hand in hand arise,
And round Thee wheel a universe of worlds,—
Descend! and magnify our thoughts for prayer;
Illume, expand, and purify the soul
With inward light, reflected from Thyself;
Unlock the springs of mind, and let them pour

The vital feelings forth in one full stream
Of adoration, duteous as divine.

Thou Infinite! since first creation roll'd,
Thy mercy hath reveal'd a ray of Thee
To every heart; in every age or clime,
Heard in the wind or vision'd in the cloud,*
Or in the parent Sun presumed to shine,—
Still has th' immortal Soul been stamp'd with Thee!

Oh! all that thought can span, or eye perceive,
Is but a part, a shadow of Thy power,
Creating, filling, and upholding All!
The airy ocean far above us spread,
Where balanced worlds perform their silent march,

And Seasons dwell and roll,—the chainless deep,
Belting the earth with majesty and might,—
The mountains pinnacled with storms,—the floods
And streams,—the meadows beautified with flowers,—
Are fill'd with Thee! and in the thunder-peals,
Rattling from cloud to cloud their tempest ire,
We hear the language of a God!—and in
The winds, careering till they whirl and roar,
Like rebel spirits plunging from the sky,—
We dread Thee wing'd upon each awful blast!

Fountain of Light and Love! while Nature hymns
Thy praise, in wave or wind, from shore to shore,
Thy miniature, immortal man—the grace
And glory of the earth—with brow erect,
Was made to walk the world in joy, to share

Thy goodness, and adore the hand divine:
Then look,—thou Universal One, whose eye
Is fix'd alike on all,—with mercy look
Upon the spacious World; from east to west,
From north to south, extend Thy guardian care:
In Polar climes, in lands refined or rude,
In isles remote, and deserts darkly spread,—
Where beats a heart within a human breast,
There be Thou present, and Thy power adored!
And oh! since all are doom'd one common race
To run, and one eternal goal to reach,
May Thy prime attribute each bosom warm
With tender sympathy and truth; may man
Be link'd to man in fellowship of soul,
Till one vast chain of Love embrace the world!

UNSEARCHABLE! before whose boundless gaze
The Past, the Present, and the Future roll!
Submissive, we implore Thee to unshroud
The Sun of truth; to spread his heavenly beam
From pole to pole, till on his perfect face
All Earth shall gaze, one glorious altar rise,
And every soul unite to hail Thee GOD!

As o'er the stormy sea of human Life
We sail, until our anchor'd spirits rest
In the far haven of Eternity,
Without a heart-deep sense, a wakeful dread
Of Thee, felt in the mind, and in the act
Reveal'd,—we perish on the rock of sin!—
Transcendant Power! we pray Thee to impress

Thy majesty upon our minds; to breathe
A living influence through the heart; to raise
And animate the soul to things sublime;
To rein the passions, and arrest each thought
That on the fiery wing of impulse roams,
Unheedful of the power within,—where dwells
The chronicler of virtue and of crime.
Omnipotent! in every soul be shrined!
So shall our deeds be echoes of good thoughts,
And at Thy dreadful summons we shall stand
Unharm'd—secure amid the shock of worlds!

Since unto Thee the heart is bare, and not
The shadow of a thought can rise, but Thou
Record'st it in Thine awful book of Life,—

Oh! may we ever watch the tempted heart,
And keep it pure from each unhallow'd wish,
From each depraved desire: so shall our days
Roll on in beauty, and in strength; and Hope,
And Faith triumphant lead us through the world;
Till, back recall'd, the renovated Soul
Shall reap beatitude in realms of Light.

On each degree of men, benignant God!
We pray Thee to bestow Thy sleepless care;
Grave it on each adoring mind,—that Heaven's
Bright portals are unbarr'd to All! that High,
Nor Mean, nor Rich, nor Poor with Thee prevail
By aught peculiar, save a perfect heart;
The meanest orphan of the world may win

A wreath in heaven; the humblest wear a crown
Of life. And oh! may those, the gifted few,—
Archangels of the earth, before whose thrones
Mortality will bend, and half adore,—
Remember what they owe to Thee and man:
May Genius never stoop to pander Vice,
But fix her eye on heaven, and walk the earth,
A Spirit conscious of her native sphere!

Prime Source of Being! let the richly dower'd
Forget not Him from whom their riches flow,
And heaven-born Charity exult to be
A bright reflection of Thy glorious self!
Her office 'tis, sweet harbinger of love,
To light the burden from oppressed hearts,

To pluck the arrow from Affliction's breast,
Nor leave a pang behind; and where the sad
And unobtrusive Virtues toil, to shed
Celestial joy, and wreathe the cup of woe
With smiles reflected from approving Heaven.

To Thee, to Thee alone, pervading God,
The sum of human agonies is known;
But wheresoe'er the race of Sorrow dwell,
There may Thy dews of mercy fall; refresh
The wither'd heart, relume the languid eye
Of Want, and bid Misfortune smile again:
And since from Thee the breath of Life began,
And on each brow the seal of God is set,
Oh! hear the bitter sighs of Thraldom, breathed

From morn to night, from out ten thousand hearts
Of agony to Thee! Awake! arise!
God of the slave and free! and disenthrall
The World! bid Freedom shine, and, like thy Sun,
Illume and animate Creation round!

And let the young, on whose delighted gaze
The dream of life in hopeful beauty dawns,
In their unspotted bosoms treasure thoughts
Of Thee, to guide them through the cloudy years;
And may the old, upon whose gray-worn heads
Past Time has placed an honourable crown,
When earth grows dim, and worldly joys decay,
Find Heaven advancing, as the World retires!

Oh! Thou that fathomest the guilty mind,
And canst unravel each debasing thought
Untold, arouse the erring soul, by Sin
Withdrawn from Thee: unveil the form of Vice,
And bare her hideous aspect to the eye
Of Truth, then bid the rebel heart return,
And blot its errors with repentant tears.

On him, whom Hope and Faith sublime, what
dreams
What joys, and what diviner moods attend;—
He walks the world, as Jesus walk'd the waves,
Triumphant and secure! In every scene,
A love for Thee prevails; Creation breathes
Of heaven. The vaulted sky bedropt with stars,

The Ocean roll'd to rest, or sending up
Trememdous pæans to her mighty Lord!—
The field and flower—whate'er in noontide walk
Is sweet,—allure his wondering heart to Him,
The source and spirit of the moving Whole:
All order, beauty, and perfection here,
Are but as shadows of more perfect bliss
Cast from a purer world; he dwells in Thee
And Thou in him, Heaven is his native home,
And Immortality shall hail him there!

Not for the fleeting joys of life alone
We pray, and those by blood or truth allied,—
When Life's fierce storms are hush'd, and Death
undraws

That veil, beyond which never human eye
Hath seen! oh, then be present, viewless Power,
And calm the pangs of Nature's closing scene:
Let guilty fears, nor fiery dreams recall
The Past; but may the grave a future bed
Of glory be; around the dying couch
May bands of sympathetic angels watch,
And waft the winged spirit to her home!

Omnipotent! at whose creative word,
Eternity sent forth a shining host
Of worlds, to balance in the beauteous air,
Still may the Sun upon his glorious face
Reflect Thy smile of mercy o'er mankind!
Still let Abundance crown the year; still roll

The seasons o'er a prosperous land; and breeze
And blast, and all the treasures of the clouds,
Enrich the pregnant earth, and heap the load
Of human gratitude to gracious Heaven!

Magnific King of kings, and Lord of lords!
Since at Thy fiat empires rise and fall,
And pass away like whirlwinds o'er the deep,—
Mantle our cherish'd Country with Thy wings
Of glory; may she prosper in the pride
Of Liberty; around her ancient throne
Let all the kingly virtues throng; and may
Thy delegate, the Monarch of the Land,
Be graced with wisdom, and his sceptre wield
The majesty of Justice, and of Truth;

May he be great and good, and ever find
His noblest bulwark in the People's heart!

But with the prayer, oh! let the praise ascend
Unto thy throne of Light. We praise Thee, God!
We praise Thee, God! for life and health; for all
The glory that the eye surveys; for all
The faculties that frame th' immortal soul.
In feeble infancy, when on the breast
We hang in slumber, Thy protecting hand
O'ershades us; on our steps Thine angels wait;
And day by day, Thou shapest the dawning mind,
Teaching the thought to bud, the tongue to speak,
And on the heart reflecting grace and truth,
Which are the flashes that reveal Thyself!

And thus through all the awful maze of life,
With viewless guidance Thou direct'st our feet,
Until upon the brink of Time we stand,—
Then shines the light that leads the soul to Heaven!

Yet, not Eternity's seraphic voice
Can mete the measure of that boundless love,
That from the bosom of perennial bliss
Sent forth Thy Son to snatch the World from Hell:
He came,—and in his glance the Earth grew bright!
Idolatry unscaled her slavish eye,
While Superstition from her gloom arose,
Burst from her bonds, and with an angel shout,
From east to west the Hallelujah rang!

Victor of Death! immingled God and Man,
Who bore the curse of the Almighty One
Upon thy bleeding brow, unlock'd the tomb,
Trampled on Hell, and oped the gates of Heaven
To banish'd Man!—Thou Prince of Peace! enthroned
In glory with Thy coeternal Sire,
Accept our prayer, the incense of the soul,
And hallow it with Thy perfecting grace.

Thou Light of Light, by ancient seers foretold,
And by prophetic minstrels sung,—the sun
And centre of our faith, redeeming Christ!
Look down, and consecrate thy Church below;
Around it rally all thy faithful hearts,—
Pillars beyond the powers of Hell to shake!

Roll on reluctant time, and spread from land
To land, from isle to isle, the WORD OF TRUTH,
Till Earth shall seem one Universal Soul!

Be with us, Lord, until the unborn years
Shall bring the promised day divine: for then
The Sun will shed new beauty o'er the earth,
And Eden dawn upon the world again!—
And when at length Thy glorious Kingdom comes,
When the last trumpet wakes the trance of Time,
And thunders roll Creation's knell, Thine eye
Will beam with mercy, and Thy voice will sound
A welcome to the skies, while, angel-wing'd,
We shall ascend, to shine immortal there!

DEATH.

" Darest thou die?"

SHAKSPEARE.

DEATH.

THRONED in a vault where sleep departed kings,
Behold the Tyrant of the World! Around
His shadowy head he waves a sceptre, made
Of monumental dust; and as it moves,
Before him glide a visionary throng
Of ministers, that do his deadly will.

First, MURDER, musing on his bloody deed,
Appears,—his visage blanch'd with guilt, and cold
As dead revenge; then MADNESS, with her locks

Of graceless beauty scatter'd o'er a face
Terrifically wild: her cheeks are shrunk
As wither'd flowers, and in her fixed eye
A lustre meaningless, yet mournful, dwells.
Like a pale cloud she glides along, and looks
Upon her lean-worn palms before her spread,
As tablets, where her idiot thoughts are traced!

Next MELANCHOLY, with a downward brow,
Slow-paced, and solemn in her aspect, comes;
Behind, INTEMP'RANCE, with unheedful face,
Complexion'd like the redden'd clouds that clasp
The dying sun; then ANGER, with a look
Of fury darted from her fearless eye,
And TERROR, eloquently dumb,—appear,

With step as noiseless as the summer air,
Who comes in beautiful decay?—her eyes
Dissolving with a feverish glow of light,
Her nostrils delicately closed, and on
Her cheek a rosy tint, as if the tip
Of Beauty's finger faintly press'd it there,—
Alas! CONSUMPTION is her name. But, lo!
Sublime in aspect, and supreme in gait,
Waving a crimson banner o'er his head,
With giant pace, stalks by terrific WAR!
His task?—To shatter thrones, and sully kings.

To these sad ministers of Death, succeed
Of Maladies a hideous crew; not least

Appalling, PESTILENCE, with eyes aghast,
And FAMINE, wither'd to a woful form.

Such are thy delegates, disastrous Power!
That make the martyr'd world thy prey, and seize
Their victims when and where they please. Alike
To thee the palace or the hut, the hall
Of Pleasure, or the house of Woe.—A king
Is on his throne, with starry robes begirt,
Proud is each glance, and bright his royal brow,
Beneath the burden of his jewell'd crown;
Before him princely courtiers bow their heads,
And on their fawning cheeks reflect his smiles,
Or sheath his glances in their hearts;—thou com'st!-

And where lies he?—afar the funeral knells
Are knolling on the wind, the temples pall'd
With melancholy gloom, and all the Isle
In tears,—for shelved within a clammy vault
The coffin'd monarch sleeps!

To die—this fairy World of life and love
To leave, and wing beyond the bounds of Thought;
To feel the death-dews creeping o'er each limb,
The life-stream curdle, and the heart grow cold;
To be the flesh-worm's feast,—to mould away,
And blend our being with the dust, and then
In scatter'd particles to roam the world,—
All this, together with imagined wails
Of friends, with tearful eyes beside our bier,—

Wraps clouds of horror round the name of death,
That daunt the Good, and make the Bad despair.

All that we love and feel on Nature's face,
Bear dim relations to our common doom.
The clouds that blush, and die a beamy death,
Or weep themselves away in rain,—the streams
That flow along in dying music,—leaves
That fade, and drop into the frosty arms
Of Winter, there to mingle with dead flowers,—
Are all prophetic of our own decay.
And who, when hung enchanted o'er some page
Where genius flashes from each living line!
Hath never wander'd to the tomb, to see
The hand that penn'd it, and the head that thought?

Yet, feelings, colour'd by the cloud of death,
With sweet oppression oft o'erflow the mind,
As when, with pauseful step we pace some aisle,
And own the eloquence of tombs; or when,
Sublimely musing by the sounding deep,
We watch the ever-rolling waves career
From where the ocean weds the sky, and think,—
Thus roll along the restless hours of time!

In banquet-halls at Pleasure's blooming hour,
Where bright-faced Joy, and young-eyed Beauty
meet,—
To them the shadows of the tomb will stretch!—
How oft, as unregarded on a throng
Of lovely creatures, in whose liquid eyes

The heart-warm feelings bathe, I've fondly look'd
With all a Poet's passion, and have wish'd
That years might never waste their graceful smiles—
How often Death, as with a viewless wand,
Has touch'd the scene, and witch'd it to a tomb!
Where Beauty dwindled to a ghastly wreck,
And spirits of the Future seem'd to cry,—
Thus will it be when Time has had revenge!

And in the joyous glare of daily life
How frequent Death will thrust his mournful gloom!—
See! where they come, the dark-robed funeral train,
Solemn as silent thunder-clouds athwart
The noon-day sky: from heaven a radiance dyes
The flowing pall with laughing hues of light;

Around Life moves his mighty throng, and deep
The death-bells boom along the ebbing air:
But one poor week hath vanish'd,—and that form,
Now clay-cold in the narrow coffin stretch'd,
Stalk'd o'er the street that takes him to his tomb!—
On with the mourning train!—the crowd divide
Before them with a busy hum, then close
Behind, like billows by a prow dispers'd,
That sever, but to clash and roar again!

How dread the thought, that not a moment fleets,
But with it, many a soul hath wing'd away
To that eternal deep, within whose womb
Six thousand Years have buried all they bore!
Yes, while around unvalued pleasures throng,

And in a glowing atmosphere of smiles
We play with time, as infants do with toys,—
Afar, how often Death is grinning o'er
The new-dug graves, or weaving winds to storms,
Or plucking seamen from the pirate waves,
Or laughing, where the thunder-bolt has dash'd
Some daring wand'rer to the earth! The flood
And blast,—the fiery breath of clouds,—disease
And danger,—death-bed horrors, broken hearts,
And exiles in their damp-wall'd dungeons doom'd,-
Oh! each and all would melt a moral tear,
If known or felt, from Pleasure's sated eye.

Come then, creative Spirit! plume thy strength,
Unwreath thy wings, Imagination, wake!

Traverse the troubled world from shore to shore,
That with a panoramic glance my soul
May vision forth dark tragedies of death.

Listen!—for, hear ye not the startled Winds
Invisibly are coming from their caves?
Fierce as avenging fiends from hell evoked,
They march, and madden with a mingled howl;
Creation cowers to the waking Storm,
And darkens, as the ocean-chaos did
Beneath the spirit-shadow of her God!—
Again! again! the congregated Winds
Unroll their voices,—they have roused the Sea,
And on her back ten thousand thousand waves,
Like wings of wrath, are swelling as they rise!

Above, the rocky clouds are wildly clash'd,
Till darkness quickens into light! and fierce
And far the thunder-demons whirl their roar,
Rattling the heavens until they burst in rain;
While echoes wake, and shiver as they roll,
And lightnings dart like daggers from the clouds!

Alone upon the leaping billows, lo!
What fearful Image works its way? A ship!
Shapeless and wild, as by the Storm begot;
Her sails dishevell'd, and her massy form
Disfigured, yet tremendously sublime:
Prowless and helmless through the waves she rocks,
And writhes, as if in agony! Like he,
Who to the last, amid o'erwhelming foes,

Sinks with a bloody struggle into death,—
The vessel combats with the battling waves,
Then fiercely dives below!—the Thunders roll
Her requiem, and Whirlwinds howl for joy!

And where are they, who from the breezy deck
Beheld the sun in orient glory rise
Like a divinity, and breathed a prayer
For the fresh promise of a placid sea?
Float they in lifeless masses through the deep?
Look!—where a lash of lightning stripes the sea,—
Like straw upon the wind, a bark is whirl'd
From wave to wave! within, a pale-faced crew
Sit dumb as phantoms; with their eyes bedimm'd,
Their locks all foamy, and their lips unclosed;

And when the clouds unsheath their fires, against
The wizard glare their upturn'd faces gleam
In one despairing row!—Their doom is seal'd
Above!—Death howls in every wolfish blast,
And rides on each gigantic wave! the Sea
Shall be their sepulchre, their coffins be
Her caves, until the summon'd Ocean hear
The death-trump, and her bosom'd dead arise!

Wave, wind, and thunder have departed! shrunk
The vision'd ocean from my view,—and lo!
A distant landscape, dawning forth amid
The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
Shines in the glow of heaven, a cherub boy

Is bounding, playful as a breeze new born,
Light as the beam that dances by his side.
Phantom of beauty! with his trepid locks
Gleaming like water-wreaths,—a flower of life,
To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
Joy lights his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
While Innocence, from out the budding lip,
Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form,
Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand,

The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawn
Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch.

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd Morn
With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
When the young breezes laugh them into life!
Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove,—
From sight and sound to catch intense delight,

And infant gladness from each happy face,—
These are the guileless duties of the day:
And when at length reposeful Evening comes,
Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
Of heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
And dumb with agony, two parents bend
O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid,—
Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
The paragon and nursling of their souls!
Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away,

Swift as a gay hour's fancy; fresh and cold
As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed
An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
It wing'd from heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
Of sinless babes, imparadised above.

A lonesome churchyard heap'd with boundless graves,
Like hosts of billows couch'd upon the deep,
Dawns into vision now. The dormant air
Is hush'd, and on the rich-leaf'd file of elms,
The breeze hath sung itself to sleep: and here,
While Noon a burning stillness breathes around,
From out yon mould'ring cells we will evoke

One unremember'd being, whom the World
Deserted, and Repentance rack'd to death.

In beauty radiant as a dream of love,
From the damp earth behold her rise!—her robe
All fair and stainless as a new-born flower;
Not Eve more heavenly seem'd, when on the lake
She gazed, that glass'd her perfect self.—To walk
The sphere of life, impassion'd forth she came,
And where she moved a thousand hearts adored;
But he who won her warm in virgin truth,
Belied his homage, and betray'd her trust;
Then, like a haunted tomb amid the world
The erring maid was shunn'd, and saw, where'er

She fled to weep, th' accusing eye of Scorn;—
Till far away, from all her scene of woe
The unlamented mourner came, with griefs
Like thunder-scars upon her soul engraved!

In a lone hamlet all retired she dwelt,
In meekness and remorse: but sorrow taught
Her kindliness to bloom, and by the Poor
A heaven-born lady she was deem'd—for all
Her smiles beam'd forth for them, and them alone!
Among the hermit walks, and ancient woods
When mantled with the melancholy glow
Of eve, she wander'd oft; and when the wind,
Like a stray infant down autumnal dales

Roam'd wailingly, she loved to mourn and muse;
To commune with the lonely orphan flowers,
And through sweet Nature's ruin trace her own.

But through the churchyard's silent range to roam
Was her most saddening joy: oft was she seen
Like a pale statue o'er some mossy tomb
To bend, and look as if she wept the dead;
And when the day-gleam faded o'er far hills,
She gazed with such a look as Love would mark
Some parting smile, to treasure it when gone!
And when the moonlight all the air entranced,
How from the window she would watch the heavens,
Till in her eye an adoration shone:

Poor lady! then her thoughts grew into tears,
And every tear ran burning from her heart!

Thus day by day her unpartaken grief
Was nursed, till it became a sleepless fire
That sear'd her soul! One evening while she sat
And smiled upon the starry worlds, her face
Angelically seem'd to glow,—and like
A fainting sound her spirit fled to heaven!

Upon the mountain, with thy glowing cheek,
And soul outlooking from the lifted eye,
As if it glanced the beauty of a thought,—
Why, who art thou, undaunted by the storm

In rolling anthems round thee gather'd? Clouds
Swell black, and underneath the Ocean roars
As though her waves were all to whirlpools lash'd!
Yet canopied with thunder, there thou stand'st,
Until the storm of genius whelms thy soul,
And trembles through thy being! Art thou not
A Spirit tempest-born, and on the rock
Enthroned, to parley with the thunder-peals?

Thou wert not moulded for the selfish world;
Too lofty and too full of heavenly fire
E'er to be measured by ungifted minds,
Whom glory hath not raised. Ambition rock'd
Thy cradle, genius all thine infant soul
Etherealized, and in the rich-orb'd eye

The rays of thought and inspiration pour'd:
Before the tongue a budding thought reveal'd,
Imagination dallied with thy mind,
And sent it playing through her airy realms;
But when the man upon thy forehead beam'd,
Impassion'd creature, then thy race began!
Feelings of beauty and of deep delight
Flow'd from the countenance of this fair earth
Into thy soul, wherein a second world
Was shrined: for thee inspiring Nature glow'd
And warm'd thy fancy, like a dream from heaven.-
Thou lov'st her mightiness, her glorious mien!
Whether she loose her ocean-zone, and let
The waves abroad, or hang the sky with storms,
Or hail thee in her thunders!—or at eve,

When vocal breezes sound, like viewless birds
Of melody, call thee to witness how
The marshall'd clouds attend th' imperial Sun
Unto his throne of waves,—alike divine
She seems.—And not alone does Nature 'trance
Thy senses into wondering awe; but all
That men admire, by genius or by art
Created, swells the homage of thy heart.
Music—the breathing of a soul! will thrill
Thy being till it ache with rapture, as
The eye of Darkness, when by light o'erwhelm'd;
A living picture, like a passion[b] pour
Delight into thine eye; and Poesy,—
It stamp'd thy mind, and colours all thy thoughts!

To have thy glory mapp'd upon the chart
Of Time, and be immortal in the truth
And offspring of a lofty soul; to build
A monument of mind, on which the World
May gaze, and round it future Ages throng,—
Such is the godlike wish, for ever warm
And stirring in thy spirit's depth: and oft
Beneath the mute magnificence of heaven,
When wandering at the radiant hour of noon,
Ambition dares, and Hope secures thee all!—

Romantic boy! ambition is thy curse;
And ere upon the pinnacle of fame
Thou stand'st, with triumph beaming from thy brow,

The grave will hold thee, and thy buried hopes.
The path to glory is a path of fire
To feeling hearts, all gifted though they be,
And martyrs to the genius they adore:
The wear of passion, and the waste of thought,
The glow of inspiration, and the gloom
That like a death-shade clouds the brightest hour,—
And that fierce rack on which a faithless world
Will make thee writhe—all these ennerving pangs,
With agonies that mock the use of words,
Thou canst not bear—thy temple is a tomb!

The scene hath vanish'd! swelling like a mist
From out a marshy vale at morn, behold!
A city, dimly vision'd; on the view

It grows, till full in grand perfection seen.
There all is mute and motionless; no spires
Hallow the air with heavenly chime; no flags
Or banners shiver in the suppling breeze;
No eager steps sound patt'ring through the streets;
No life seems in it,—silent as a shade!
Look up! the sickly clouds like corpses lie
Along the heavens; and yonder dark canal
Flags like a monstrous serpent stretch'd in death;
The houses shed a monumental gloom,—
A Pestilence is there!

The Morn beheld
A beauteous city, with the floods of life
Sounding and flowing through her million paths!

Her temples bathed their heads in azure sheen,
Her rivers spread themselves along in joy;
The spirit of the world, within her walls,
Inspiring walk'd; by noon the sun grew red,
And glared his fierceness through the sky, till forth
From out the swarthy womb of heaven, the Plague
Exhaled her breath, that with a viewless flow
Unroll'd itself through all the living town,
Which, sudden as an ocean chain'd,—grew dumb!

The old men faded like a blasted tree,
Then dropp'd into the dust; and he whose cheeks
Were round and fair, and eyes alive with youth,
From beauty wither'd to a yellow wreck,

Distorted and decay'd, till Madness came,
And shrieking, shuddering, writhed herself to death!

Along each river crept the Plague: then hush'd
The grinding cables, and the barges lay
Like dead sea-monsters on the ocean stretch'd!
E'en on the mead with grassy fleece bedeck'd,
Where the gay urchin wing'd the whirling ball
Fleet as a bird along the sunny air,
The Pestilence her burning vapour breathed;—
Each limb relax'd, upturn'd his darken'd lids,
And from his ghastly eyeballs glared the pest!

From house to house the hot infection stole;

All gladness changed to gloom, and not a smile
In the whole city lived! Within the fane,
Amid the pillar'd aisle, while lowly knelt
In all the holiness of virgin love
The fair-zoned bride of beauty,—came the Pest!—
She shrunk, and shiver'd like a wounded dove;
Her form grew wild, and as the bridegroom watch'd
The heaven reflected from her face depart,
Contagion clasp'd him in her fiery arms,
His spirit whirl'd within him, and he fell,
And o'er his loved one yell'd his life away!

But in the tomb-fill'd churchyard, what a howl
From the parch'd throats of mourners came! for there
The graves were brimm'd with corses, and around

Unburied dead were blackening in the air,
While wrecks of being stagger'd by the heaps
Of friends and relatives together piled :—
Such was the revelry of Death ; and when
The Sun of health return'd, his eye beheld
A city hush'd as one enormous tomb !

Turn to a vision of contrasted joy :
Ne'er since Creation out of chaos roll'd,
With all the bloom of young existence fresh
Around her, hath more glorious night sublimed
The world, than that which beautifies her now.
The stars like ruminating spirits walk
The mellow sky, from whence the queenly moon,
With a maternal aspect, eyes the earth,

Tranced into dreamy stillness by her smile.
No! not a breeze or bird is on the wing;
The shy sweet flowers have shut their dewy lids,
And distant trees, upon the dark-brow'd hills,
Like shadowy sentinels are ranged.—And now
The reign of heart-romance! the lulling hour
When aspirations from the charmed heaven
Suffused, awake the high-toned mind with thoughts
Of wonder, yet divine: but see! beneath
Yon hill, down where the wrinkled brooklets flash
In liquid revelry, the mighty deep
Lies bare unto the moon; and on her breast,
In swan-like glory glides a white-wing'd boat,
Calm as a cloud along its blue career.

Within, like beings from a purer sphere,
A youth and his confiding maiden sit,
Her yielding waist environ'd with his arm;
Above them,—beautiful the starry dome!
Beneath, naught but the sighing of the waves
Woke from their slumber, or th' harmonious swell
Of tide—the panting of the world's great heart—
Breaks on the pleasing calm: oh, lovely pair!
Warm is the gush of young affection; sweet
The overflowing of affianced hearts,
Each into each with holy rapture pour'd;
Now is the spring-time of the soul, whose bloom
Is love, ne'er felt but once, and ne'er but once
Enjoy'd! On would ye float for ever thus

O'er moonlight seas, in one immortal bliss,—
Silence—the language of delighted hearts.

And hast thou, Curse of the primeval crime !
On one of these thy vulture glances fix'd ?
Shall knells of death moan heavy on the wind,
When marriage-peals, like merry voices, should
Resound and revel o'er the village spire ?
Alas ! for every age there is a grave,
And youthful forms as oft as hoary heads
Are pillow'd there.—Thou lov'd and loving one !
From the dark languish of thy liquid eye,
So exquisitely rounded, darts a ray
Of truth, prophetic of thine early doom ;

And on thy placid cheek there is a print
Of death,—the beauty of consumption there.

Few note that fatal bloom; for bless'd by all,
Thou movest through thy noiseless sphere, the life
Of one,—the darling of a thousand hearts.
Yet in the chamber, o'er some graceful task
When delicately bending, oft unseen,
Thy mother marks thee with that musing glance
That looks through coming time and sees thee stretch'd
A shade of being, shrouded for the tomb.

A year hath travell'd o'er the sea of time;

And now the shadows of the grave grow dark
Upon the maiden; yet no mournful wail,
Or word abrupt, betrays unlovely thoughts
Of gloom and discontent within; she dies
As gently as delicious sound,—not false
To present scenes, and yet prepared to die.
Beautiful resignation, and the hopes
That well from out the fountain of her faith,
Have breathed around her a seraphic air
Of wither'd loveliness. The gloss of life
And worldly dreams are o'er; but dewy Morn,
And dim-eyed Eve, and all the inward gleams
Of rapture, darted from regretted joys,—
Delight her still: and oft when twilight comes,
She'll gaze upon the damask glow of heaven

With all the truth of happier days, until
A sunny fancy wreathes her faded cheek;—
'Tis but a pleasing echo of the past,
A music rolling from remember'd hours!

The Day is come, led gently on by Death;
With pillow'd head all gracefully reclined,
And glossy curls in languid clusters wreath'd,
Within a cottage room she sits, to die;
Where from the window, in a western view,
Majestic ocean swells.—A summer eve
Shines o'er the earth, and all the glowing air
Stirs faintly, like a pulse; against the shore
The waves unrol them with luxurious joy,
While o'er the midway deep she looks, where like

A sea-god glares the everlasting Sun
O'er troops of billows marching in his beam !—
From earth to heaven, from heaven to earth, her eyes
Are lifted, bright with wonder and with awe,
Till through each vein reanimation rolls !
'Tis past ; and now her filmy glance is fix'd
Upon the heavens, as though her spirit gazed
On that immortal world, to which 'tis bound :
The sun hath sunk,—her soul hath fled without
A pang, and left her lovely in her death,
And beautiful as an embodied dream.

The roar, the thunder, and the din of war !—
Loud as an ocean leaping into life,
I hear the storm of battle swell. Advance !

And listen to the cloud-ascending peals
Of cannons, from whose lips a lightning foams;
Hark! how the bugle-echoes beat the air,
And how the deep-roll'd drums resound their wrath,
While on the throbbing earth the sun looks down
Like a dread war-fiend, with a fierce delight.—
Death! here thou art, and here the flashing swords
Shall reap thy harvest; and devoted souls
By thousands rush into the hands of God!

Noon into eve, and eve to night hath roll'd;
The heavens with starry eyes are set, and they
Behold no banners flapping like the wings
Of eagles in their glorious strength; no steeds
Pawing and prancing with erected manes,—

No warriors hand to hand, and sword to sword,
Confronted, till from out some bloody gap
Their spirits bound into eternity !—
But heaps of corses, lines of dead laid out,
Unhelmeted, or gash'd and gory ; men
Whose morning beauty shamed the risen sun,
With glassy eyeballs gleaming on the moon !
A mass of life hath deaden'd into clay :
No more ! away, O Death ! and count thy dead.

Now from the haughty roar of war, where Death
Is glory, to a scene of stagnant gloom
Avert thy fancy. Lo ! a dungeon roof'd
With one vast bowing arch of blackened stone ;
'Tis Freedom's tomb ! The all-reviving air

Of heaven hath never fann'd its mildew'd walls,
The sun hath never shed his beauty there;
But shade, and damp night-breath, and noisome slime
Trac'd o'er its rocky vault, the clank of chains,
With groans from wasted lungs exhaled, the laugh
Of lean-faced Madness, and the fitful moan
Of iron'd captives,—these have horrified
This den of darkness. Look! a ray of eve
Hath wander'd to it, through a narrow chink,
And stealthily it creeps along the wall,
Then quivers like a smile upon the cheek
Of what has been a miniature of God,
A man of hope and joy, and sharer in
The light and loveliness of this fair world.
By Pagans captured,—here the chains have gall'd,

And rusted on his limbs; long years roll'd by,
And yet he gnash'd in fetters till the flame
Of anguish burn'd his being up; he died,—
With home and country pictured on his heart!

He was not tomb'd within the den alone;
For twice ten years another captive wretch
Had withered there; but long ere that, the soul
Was quench'd, and Madness, in her mightier woe,
Forgot to weep o'er thraldom. Mark them both!
The one stretch'd dead upon the flinty earth,
The other madly glaring o'er him: See
How oft he twines the matted locks, and hoots
With idiotic joy, then grinds his teeth,
And leers around him with a dumb delight,

And babbles to the corse, till on his face
A ray of pity dawns; then down he kneels,
And howls a dirge—till voice within him dies;
His head droops o'er him, dimly rolls the eye,
And the last life-breath gurgles in his throat;
'Tis o'er: and Heaven is opening on his soul!

The grand arena where insatiate Death
Drags every day his hundreds to the tomb,
London the vast, like an unbounded dream,
Dawns into vision now! not sending forth
The ocean-clamours of her myriad streets
Made awful by the roar of life, but stretch'd
In still magnificence beneath the sky
Of midnight, breathless with the summer glow.

And now within their curtain'd chambers lie
What hosts of beings, of all age and clime!
Some laughing through their dreams,—some heaving
up
Their bosoms burden'd with the day, and some
Cursing the night for her avenging gloom!
Now steals the murd'rer from his den; now hies
The robber to his haunt; and from their lanes
And unfrequented walks, the haggard shapes
Of Poverty and Crime come creeping forth,
Like spectres crawling out of dusky tombs.

The heavens have darken'd into storms; and hark!
The thunder challenging the night! or, like
An unseen monster, moaning as he prowls

His way ;—'tis hush'd awhile, then flash the clouds
Asunder, and a lake of lightning glares,
While the fierce rain comes racing through the air,
And every drop seems dashing like a shower!

Woe! to the houseless wand'rer doom'd to walk
Through the drench'd streets barefooted or bereft
Of life's sweet charities, at such an hour:
Glance down yon gloomy lane!—upon the cold
And dripping tseps,—her wet robes clinging round
Her shrunken form,—a lifeless woman lies,
With face upturn'd unto the flooding shower.
Despair hath just unlink'd the chain of life,
And on her cheek the spirit-wrestle yet
Is traced. Her's is a tale of humble woe;

Approach! and with the lamp-beam learn her fate,
In mournful lines upon her visage mapp'd;
A chronicle of sorrow and of sin,
And shame, whose fountain is a brain of fire:
A heart for ever on the rack of care,
Oppression from without, and pangs within,—
Despair,—then death, the master-cure of woe,—
Survey her features, and you read it all!

Unhappy maiden! round whose infant days
A father's prayers their holy influence cast,
And from whose eyes a mother reap'd delight,—
Death should have torn thee earlier to the tomb,
And in thy native churchyard heap'd thy grave
Of grassy mould;—for once, along the mead

Fleet as the fawn thou boundedst; bright and fair,
The beauty of the valleys o'er thy form
And features breathed, while in thy glance there shone
The magic of an uncorrupted mind:
And this is all that now remains of thee!—
Thy sorrow hath a page in Heaven's dread book,
And when 'tis open'd, who shall quail the most,
The man who tempted, or the maid who fell?

These fearful visions of thy varied power,
Appalling Death! say, what are such to all
Thy ceaseless havoc through the realms of Life?
Oh! I could paint thee on the desert heath,
Where, melting into blood, with lukewarm limbs,
The murder'd wretch lies gasping and alone—

Or in the roofless and deserted domes,
Where fires have blacken'd on the blister'd walls,
Or in the suicide,—see! where he stands,
With visage colourless, with look aghast,
And spirit shiv'ring through his guilty frame!

Yes! far or near, where'er the life-blood flows,
By ruin, violence, or calm decay,
Death's ravages are felt: the very dust,
That in our daily walks we tread, had once
Some breathing mould of beauty been! Oh Earth,
Thou grave and mother of us all, within
Thy breast what myriads are entomb'd!—Give back
Your dead, departed Ages; and arise,
Ye spirits of the Past!—they come, they come,

From mountain, and from cave,—from vault and
tomb,
The dead are darting into life again!
The generations that have been, from Earth's
Young dawn, unto the hour upon the wing—
Behold them! sumless as the sands; and thus,
A world of life walks o'er a world of death;
And so 'twill ever be, until the tide
Of being cease to flow, and all be hush'd,
And darkly buried in the deep abyss,
The tomb of Nature, and the home of Time!

Death is the dark and universal doom,
The Past hath braved it, and the Future shall;
Though little deem we, as we laugh the hours

Along, like echoes dandled by the wind,
How swift our path is verging to the tomb.
Terrific Power! how often in the hush
Of midnight, when the thoughtless learn to think,[d]
The gay grow solemn, and the guilty wise,
Visions of thee come floating o'er the mind,
Like exhalations from a grave! How oft
We feel an awfulness o'ershade the soul,
As if 'twere soaring to the throne of God,
Till in one thought of heaven we bury all
This mighty world of life and being!——

A death-cloud rises with the star of life,
And ere the heart can open on the world
In happiness and joy, a voice from death

Is heard, as Nature whispers to the soul—
We live to die, and die to live!—there is
A spirit home in unimagined worlds:—
Yes! swift and awful rolls the mighty tide
Of human being to the final goal!—
First, Infancy, without a thought,—a dream;
Next, Childhood,—full of beauty, health, and joy,-
A spring for ever breathing in the soul;—
Then, Manhood, most majestic! piercing through
The heavens with haughty eye, and printing earth
With kingly steps,—ambition, love, and care,
Some smiles, and many tears,—the mind within
For ever wrestling like a wave of fire,—
And such is Manhood!—then comes feeble Age
That droops, and drops into the silent grave;—

Here ends the scene of life,—one moment wept,
The next forgotten;—let the curtain fall;
Oblivion has our tale,—we lived, and died!

Thousands of years beneath thy sway have groan'd,
Unwearied Death! how many more shall bear
The burden of the curse, no human tongue
Can tell, for they are chronicled in heaven;—
Though ofttimes number'd by a guilty mind,
When thunders, like dread oracles, awake
The world. Yet, come it will, however late,
That glorious day, when Death himself shall die!
When the far sounds of bursting tombs will awe
The reeling earth,—when with an angel shout
The bless'd will spring into a second birth!

And yet, though Life enchant, and Death appal,
How gently do the weaning years unloose
The many links that chain us to the world!
The passions which inspirit youthful hearts,
And spread a beauty o'er the spring of life,
And bid the hopes of young Ambition bound,
Decay and cool, as further down the vale
Of darkling years we wend, until, at length,
The time-worn spirit muses on the tomb
With elevating sadness, and the shades
Of death dissolve amid those cheering rays
Which revelation sheds from heaven.

How pure
The grace, the gentleness of virtuous age!

Though solemn, not austere; though wisely dead
To passion, and the wildering dreams of hope,
Not unalive to tenderness and truth,—
The good old man is honour'd and revered,
And breathes upon the young-limb'd race around
The gray and venerable charm of years.

Nor,—glory to the Power that tunes the heart
Unto the spirit of the time! are all
The fancy and the flush of youth forgot:
The meditative walk by wood or mead,
The lull of streams, and language of the stars,
Heard in the heart alone—the bosom-life
Of all that beautified or graced his youth,

Is still to be enjoy'd, and hallow'd with
The feelings flowing from a better world.

I sing of Death; yet soon, perchance, may be
A dweller in the tomb. But twenty years
Have wither'd, since my pilgrimage began,
And I look back upon my boyish days
With mournful joy; as musing wand'rers do,
With eye reverted, from some lofty hill,
Upon the bright and peaceful vale below.—
Oh! let me live, until the fires that feed
My soul have work'd themselves away, and then,
Eternal Spirit! take me to Thy home;
For when a child, I shaped inspiring dreams,

And nourish'd aspirations that awoke
Beautiful feelings flowing from the face
Of Nature; from a child, I learn'd to reap
A harvest of sweet thoughts for future years.

How oft,—be witness, Guardian of our days!
In noons of young delight, while o'er the down
Humming like bees my happy playmates roam'd,
I loved on high and hoary crag to muse,
And round the landscape with delighted eye:
The sky besprinkled o'er with rainbow hues,
As if angelic wings had wanton'd there;
The distanc'd city capp'd with hazy towers;
And river, shyly roaming by its banks
Of green repose,—together with the play

Of elfin music on the fresh-wing'd air,—
Entranced with these, how often have I glow'd
With thoughts that panted to be eloquent,
Yet only ventur'd forth in tears!

And now,
Though haply mellow'd by correcting time,
I thank thee, Heaven! that the bereaving world
Hath not diminish'd the subliming hopes
Of youth, in manhood's more imposing cares.
Nor titled pomp, nor princely mansions swell
The cloud of envy o'er my heart; for these
Are oft delusive, though adored: but when
The Spirit speaks,—or beauty from the sky
Descends into my being,—when I hear

The storm-hymns of the mighty ocean roll,
Or thunder sound,—the champion of the storm!—
Then feel I envy for immortal words,
The rush of living thought; oh! then I long
To dash my feelings into deathless verse,
That may administer to unborn time,
And tell some lofty soul how I have lived
A worshipper of Nature and of Thee!

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

"The Heavens were opened, and I saw visions." Ezekiel i. ver. 1.

"Juvat, quandoque in animo, tanquam in tabulâ, majoris et melioris mundi imaginem contemplari: ne mens assuefacta hodiernæ vitæ minutiis se contrahat nimis, et tota subsidat in pusillas cogitationes."

T. Burnet.

A VISION OF HEAVEN.

One summer evening, from the molten sky
When radiance came to beautify the world,
By Fancy led, along a lawny vale
I roam'd, and trod the earth with deep delight,
Felt in the soul, and in the eye reveal'd.—
'Twas one of those immortal hours, when man,
Unheedful of the jarring world, feels thoughts
Within him too sublime for words,—a sense

Of that Divinity which breathes o'er all,
Making Creation one vast temple seem,
Where shadows of His glory are enshrined!

Thus felt I at this balmy hour: Above,
Magnificently hung the beaming sky!
Along the concave floated fairy isles;
And where the Sun stood burning on the brim
Of ocean, the horizon wound its curve,
Festoon'd with clouds of beauty, fresh and white
As sea-foam in the sun.

Beneath the span
Of Heaven, all Earth lay languishing in light;
Her streamlets with a bee-like murmur ran,

And while the trees, like living creatures, waved
Their plumage to the wind, the bird and breeze
Together hymn'd, and harmonized the air.

Pensive awhile along the lawny vale
I roam'd, then sat delighted on a mound
Green-tress'd, and glitt'ring in the dizzy rays
Of eve, and heavenward turn'd my musing eye.—
Who ever glanced the heavens, nor dream'd of God,
Of human destiny, and things divine?
Oh! that mine eye could pierce yon azure cope!—
Thus stirr'd the daring thought, and while it warm'd
Within, a trance like heavenly music stole
Upon my spirit, weaning earthly sense,

Till, in a vision, up the airy deep
It darted,—as a sky-bird to the clouds!

Thus disembodied, through the air I wing'd
Till Earth beneath me in the glassy depth
Lay twinkling like a star; but all around,
Those burning mysteries that mortals glance
With wonder, floating o'er the face of night,
Not drops of fire, but full and perfect worlds,
In congregations vast as glorious,—beam'd.
Aloft! aloft! still wing'd my Spirit on,
Through hosts of worlds, self-balanced, and secure,
Till the bright atmosphere appear'd to bloom
With rich suffusion, like a topaz glow;

And here, enchanted by the sheen divine,
My Spirit paused, became all eye and ear,
And Heaven—the palace of the Mighty God,
Expanded into view !—My living soul !
With awful feeling enter where He dwells.

An empyréan infinitely vast
And irridescent, roof'd with rainbows, whose
Transparent gleams a mingled radiance shed,
Before me lay : Beneath this dazzling vault,
Glory, beyond the wonder of the heart
To dream, around interminably blazed,—
I felt, but cannot paint the vision there !

While with permissive gaze I glanced the scene,

A whelming tide of rich-toned music roll'd,
Waking delicious echoes, as it wound
From Melody's divinest fount! All heaven
Glow'd bright, as, like a viewless river, swell'd
The deepening music!—Silence came again!
And where I gazed, a shrine of awful fire
Flamed ceaselessly; around it Thunders roll'd,
And from it Lightnings flash'd their fearful ire!
Here throned in unimaginable bliss
And glory, sits THE ONE ETERNAL POWER,
CREATOR, LORD, and LIFE of ALL. Again,
Stillness ethereal reign'd, and forth appear'd
Elysian creatures robed in fleecy light,
Together flocking from celestial haunts,
And mansions of purpureal mould; the Host

Of heaven assembled, to adore with harp
And hymn The FIRST and LAST, The LIVING GOD:
They knelt,—a universal choir, and glow'd
More beauteous while they breathed the chant
divine,
And Hallelujah! Hallelujah! peal'd,
And thrill'd the concave with harmonious joy!

The hallow'd choir was hush'd; and I beheld
Cherubic forms of immaterial grace
And beauty walk o'er amaranthine meads,
And soar on shining pinions; as they sail'd,
Their radiance quiver'd forth, and from each wing,
Soft as the breeze, and silky as a cloud,—
A gleam play'd liquidly around their path.

Of archangelic mien, upon the wing
Two Shapes I watch'd, careering to the bound
Of vision: lighting there, they welcom'd in
Three happy Spirits, by THE LAMB redeem'd:
They enter'd Heaven with a triumphal shout,—
Transfigur'd, into glory grew, and were
Beatified for ever!

In a bower
Remote, whose emerald leaves with liquid drops
Of light were gemm'd, two angels next I mark'd
In sympathetic converse sat. Amid
The stormy world below, they had o'erwatch'd
The errant beings just arrived: through all
Their ways of sin and woe, their guardian power

Presided, until Mercy came to crown
Their doom, and they were saved, and seal'd for
Heaven.
Seraphic sweetness from their lips exhaled,
As, wrapt with angel love, th' immortal pair
Their tale of heavenly triumph told.—Oh joy!
Dream'd I, around us viewless Spirits dwell,
To tune our minds, and consecrate our thoughts,
To guard, relieve, and hallow souls for God!

From these I turn'd, and saw a sumless host
Of cherubim, and bright pavilions rank'd
In endless files!—and then, Remembrance
warm'd,

Within me heavenly intuition woke,
And myriads, who on Earth erewhile had run
The grand career of Life,—were all reveal'd!

I saw the Sages whose immortal words
Like rays of Truth have shone from age to age!—
I saw the pure, the patriotic bands
Of Heroes, whose avenging swords had cut
The fetters from their land, and bade the brave
Be free!—I saw the renovated forms
Of Martyrs, clad with glory, on their heads
Inwreathed crowns of life,—and they of old,
Whose names more eloquent than thunder sound
On young Ambition's ear,—the good and great,

Of every cast and clime, were now reveal'd;
The Past was in the Present born again!

I look'd for sainted bards of earth: a breath
Of hymned music, through the mellow air
Came wafted from beside a crystal fount,
That glitter'd like a living gush of light,—
There sat our own Mæonides!* around
A throng of listening Angels stood, and glow'd,
Till rapture trembled o'er their sunny wings,
While from his lyre the crowned minstrel struck
Sweet inspiration!—sounds that pierce the soul!

Among the myriads of celestial Shapes

* Milton.

That mused and wander'd by the springs of Life,
I mark'd the humble, the dejected sons
Of Want and Woe, apparell'd brighter than
The brow of Morn!—Their stricken hearts had burn'd
With sorrows never told; their joyless eyes
Had melted dim with tears; at wintry night,
They roam'd and shiver'd in the bleak-wing'd wind,
And often writhed beneath the glance of scorn,
Yet fainted not: and now, unfading joys,
Beatitude, and thrones in Heaven, were theirs!

Fairest of all fair visions seen above,
Remember'd loves, and unforgotten friends,
Were recognized again! Along a mead,
Of bright immensity, I saw them stray;

Not anguish-worn, or rack'd with inward fears,
But shining in the beauty of the bless'd :—
Oh! ye in life so loved, in death so mourn'd!
How oft Affection through the desert world
Delights to track ye where your feet have trod,
Through fav'rite walks, or fancy-haunted bowers!
On twilight breezes wing your voices? or,
In fairy music fraught with infant years,
Are echoes woven from your hymns above?
In mournful days, and melancholy hours,
We think of you: we shrine ye in the stars,
And recreate ye in celestial dreams!
But when, at Evening's museful hour, we watch
The golden isles that glitter from the west,
Ye live in lovelier climes, and chaster skies;

By radiant streams and aromatic woods
Ye roam, rememb'ring sunny spots on earth,
And friends, whose mansions ye survey above!

And this was Heaven! which in a vision dawn'd
On my adoring gaze; here God enthroned,
With emanated glory shrouds the Home
Of angels and the good, insphered in bliss;
And here, ETERNAL LOVE, from HIM the fount
Of Love, enlightens, lives, and flows through all:
No tears, no trials, and no perils known,
No sin-worn hearts, and shatter'd feelings here;
But calm fruition of unfailing bliss:
All that the beauty of creative thought
Hath pictured to Devotion's eye, is felt

Ineffably more beauteous by the blest :
Wisdom and Virtue breathe their native air,
And Pleasures smiling on their steps attend.

Nor is the vanish'd World forgot; for oft
Amid their shady groves, or sapphire-fields,
Aërial spirits count their conquer'd woes,
Or sweetly muse o'er some romantic hour,
While heart to heart with holy truth responds ;
Still Sages feed on ever-fruitful thought,
Still Poets sing, and panting Knowledge mounts,
From step to step for ever climbing up,
Yet never on the glorious summit throned !—
Here Bliss and Love eternity embrace,
And perfect MIND a perfect GOD adores.

A VISION OF HELL.

" Where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all, but torture without end."

MILTON.

MEMORANDUM.

As it has been said that in "The Vision of Hell" I have drawn the portraits of some individuals recently dead, I take the earliest opportunity of giving this assertion an unqualified denial.

I do not think that any mortal is warranted in determining the final state of any fellow-creature, nor have I presumed to do so. But my purpose was, both for the moral and for the poetical effect, to sketch imaginary pictures of those classes of human characters, whose actions or works may be supposed to have been pernicious to mankind, and who therefore might be considered as having by their misconduct subjected themselves to be residents in the future kingdom of the Evil and of the Unhappy. Writing in modern times, it was necessary to invest these in modern drapery. On these principles, my *first* sketch was drawn as that of a great, ambitious Conqueror, desolating the world for his own gratification. I had not Napoleon more in my intention than Alexander, Cæsar, or Ghengis Khan; but as it was necessary to dress the imaginary being in modern costume, in some features he may appear to resemble the late French Emperor, because my visionary portrait is represented in modern imagery. The same remark is applicable to all the rest, and especially to my *second*, which has also received a specific application, though Lucretius, Lord Rochester, and some French atheists, may with equal consistency be applied.

The reader will therefore be pleased to consider all the portraits as *imaginary characters*, presenting only a collective assemblage of features, which, if applicable to any one person that has lived, are also applicable to many others,—and are exhibited by me as *general pictures* of those classes and characters of mind and conduct, which, having been detrimental to human welfare, might be allowably placed in the region to which the "Vision" consigns them.

R. M.

A VISION OF HELL.

——DEATH and Time devour'd no more: the doom
Revokeless, by prophetic lips foretold,
Was past; the Universe had disappear'd,
And Chaos revell'd o'er demolish'd worlds!

Apart, upon a throne of living fire
The Fiend was seated; in his eye there shone
The look that dared OMNIPOTENCE; the light
Of sateless vengeance, and sublime despair.—

He sat amid a burning world, and saw
Tormented myriads, whose blaspheming shrieks
Were mingled with the howl of hidden floods,
And Acherontine groans;—of all the host,
The only dauntless he! As o'er the wild
He glanced, the pride of agony endured
Awoke, and writhed through all his giant frame,
That redden'd, and dilated, like a sun!
Till moved by some remember'd bliss, or joy
Of paradisal hours, or to supply
The cravings of infernal wrath,—he bade
The roar of Hell be hush'd,—and silence was!
He call'd the cursed,—and they flash'd from cave
And wild—from dungeon and from den they came,
And stood an unimaginable mass

Of spirits, agonized with burning pangs:
In silence stood they, while the Demon gazed
On all, and communed with departed Time,
From whence his vengeance such a harvest reap'd!

Before him, what a congregated host
Of perish'd creatures! sumless as the waves,
Lash'd into life from out the ocean-plain;
Long ages gone, and they were breathing airs
Of heaven, endow'd with attributes divine,
Sharing the beauty of the world, and led
By Mercy through the round of being; bliss
And endless woe before them lay,—they braved
The doom to come, and barter'd Heaven for Hell!

Famed idols of the earth, around whose paths
The blinding light of Admiration blazed,
Despots who bathed the battle-field in blood,
And many, whose immortal names had fired
The page of history with a fearful life,—
Were here, immingled with a nameless host.

And one, among the legions of the damn'd,
There was, the wonder and the curse of Time:
He held the vial of Almighty wrath,
And pour'd it on the world, or with a frown
O'erclouded nations, while his fearless sword
Dealt forth defiance to th' astounded Globe.
A word of his was thunder to the ears

Of Kings; and Empires quail'd, as from afar
The tempest of his coming darker grew!
Ambition was his God, and to o'ersway,
Or chain the World to his triumphal car,
The tyrant passion of his soul. Though Man
And Nature wail'd, though Ocean storm'd,
And mountains threaten'd an eternal bar,
Still went he on, and battled with them all!
Nor paused, till on the tower of conquest waved
The planted banner that proclaim'd him lord:—
Nor wail of widows o'er the tombless dead,
Nor groan of orphans, nor the demon cry
Of havoc, through the vanquish'd city howl'd,—
E'er deafen'd him; dominion was his own,

Rebellion hail'd him with applausive roar,
And slaughter'd millions swell'd his fame!

Beside
This reprobate, another ruin'd Soul
Stood haughty; one of those surpassing minds
It takes a cent'ry to create; a man
Whom Genius fill'd with her electric fires.—
Oh! genius is a great, but fearful gift,
A double portion of the God within,—
A talent not our own; but to sublime
And elevate mankind to lofty thoughts,
To shadow forth the SPIRIT that surrounds
And animates the world!—Not such was his,

When, nursed on Nature's lap, his genius came
And summon'd men to admiration. On
His page Creation glow'd; whether the voice
Of thunder with his music roll'd, or war
Of ocean, when the deep-toned winds arose
And whirl'd her into storms,—or when he brought
The heavens all sprinkled o'er with starry isles,
Or damask'd with the crimson clouds of eve,
Into his verse,—magnificent his Muse
Appear'd:—around her glowing form the light
And breath of nature play'd.—But not to HIM,
The Architect of all, was incense breathed;
An atheistic shade o'erhung his lines,—
His spirit moved along his mighty page
As changeful as a cloud; now beaming forth

In all the summer beauty of the soul,
Now mask'd with darkness, and with thunder-gloom,
From whence the lightnings of his passion glared!

Yet, had he pleased, he might have hallow'd earth
And human nature with immortal lines,
Which would have been as revelations shed
From heaven:—but in his breast there was a storm,
An anarchy of impious thoughts; he loved
To play with minds as whirlwinds do with waves!
His genius own'd no God, and man was deem'd
A chance-begotten shape of dust,—his doom
Annihilation! The principles that were
The prop of ages, he would mine away,
And laugh Religion from her sainted haunts.

Thus sang his prostituted Muse, and taught
The lip of Blasphemy to curl with scorn,
And tongue of fools to be profanely wise;
Until th' Almighty struck him! and his soul
Wing'd to the dwelling of the damn'd;—and when,
His death-knoll awed the wind, good men look'd up,
As though some meteor through the sky had wheel'd,
And summon'd them to track its dread career!

Another of the lost, who might have lived
In Joy's unclouded atmosphere, was he,
The suicide—the darkest of them all!
The lonely scion of an ancient line,
A princely mansion, when his manhood bloom'd,

Beheld him lord. How grandly peer'd
The turrets from the woody park,—how proud
The young fawn bounded o'er the breezy knolls,
And down the vales, where interwinding streams
Walk'd saunt'ring, like delighted wand'rers, through
The green domain; yet, what to him were trees
With sun-smiles sparkling o'er their boughs, or song
Of birds and streams, and all the glory shed
By morn and eve around his hill-girt home?
He own'd no natal ties; benignant Heaven
Had bless'd an ingrate; soon the stranger held
His ancient halls,—the city-queen for him!

Full in the prime of youth, to England's Rome

He came, to blaze the meteor of his day;—
What wonder, Admiration wooed his eye,
Where'er the idol shone? Devoted friends,
Delightful women, and officious hearts,
Were his,—the Capital was at his feet;
And when the glorious sun of noon beheld
The city roaring like a sea of Life,
Who shot through street and square so fiercely swift
As he? How paused the many-headed Crowd,
When, rolling like a distant thunder-car,—
His chariot darted through the smoking dust,
And shook the glitt'ring windows! In the park,
When proudly throned upon his warlike steed,
What eyes devour'd him with adoring looks!—
Thus pass'd the day; then came the midnight mask

And ball, with every splendid thief of time:
To crown his course, he blighted trusting hearts,
Jeer'd Honour to his face, and triumph'd when
The father's curse, and desolated home,
Might well have wrung the devil from his soul!

Soon fled the glories of a fatal year,
And left him an unpitied wreck of pride
And dissipated hours. No more the smile,
Shot from the heart, flash'd o'er his happy face;
No more the soul-dear friend, and sumptuous dome,
Where beauty, or the banquet, witch'd the hour
With languishment and love;—the sun of wealth
Had set, and darken'd into joyless gloom!

One hope, the hope of Desperation left,—
He sought it, where the secret gamblers met,
And madden'd o'er their midnight game. Amid
The sickly glimmer of a silent room,
Like spectres,—there they sat, and ventured all;
Till Ruin scared them, and some faded cheek
Flinch'd from the gripe of agony within!
Night after night, from the accursed haunt
He came, and felt the voice of Conscience rise,
Like hell-words sounding through his guilty soul!—
One night, as homeward he return'd, and heard
The knell of Day roll awful as the groan
Of wailing Spirit bosom'd in the wind,
While far o'er street and lane the waning moon
A wintry radiance shed,—he glanced the past,

From whence condemning thoughts, like clouds o'er-
whelm'd
Him with dejection;—then Despair awoke,
And beckon'd him to her appalling home!—
Awhile, in chamber'd solitude he sat,
Where through the chinky wall the cold blast whined,
And mourn'd, and rioted in rueful dreams,
Till with a laugh, deliriously he snapp'd
The thread of life!—and sent his spirit—where?
Where are they all, who, cowards to themselves,
And their Creator, cut existence short,
And wing their spirits back again to God,
Disdainful of the life His wisdom gave?—

Th' antipodes to this self-murder'd wretch

Stood by, in fellow-torment: once, a man
So meek in face, so honied in his tongue,
He seem'd a martyr to a sinful world!
What holy passion work'd his eye, as oft
With woeful voice, and words of heavenly tune,
He sermonized, and shook his head, and sigh'd!
But God unmask'd him, and he stood condemn'd,
A hypocrite,—a saint without a soul!
While others braved the censure of their crimes,
And to the world their sinful bosoms bared,
And sallied heedlessly to Hell,—he plied
His guilty pleasures in the dark, and did
Unknown, what millions did, and were condemn'd:
And yet, a living sermon he appear'd;
Far nearer heaven, than unassuming minds,

Where God was templed, and his truth adored.
Such was the hypocrite!—and when his tomb
Was piled, his epitaph Devotion read,
And glow'd to think that such a man had been!—
By saints anointed,—yet with devils damn'd.

And who, among the myriads of the cursed,
Was that red Shape of unconsuming fire,
Whose agony, though dumb, was dreadful?—Who?
One of the vanish'd earth, by Fortune dower'd
With queenly favour: Never on the eye
Of Life expanding to the glorious world,
Did fairer prospects shine: around her moved
The majesty of birth,—the graces breathed
From polish'd modes, and princely scenes. And oh!

Who ever look'd upon that lovely face,
Where the soul sunn'd itself in smiles,—or heard
The prattled music of her tongue,—nor deem'd
She was a cherub born to beam in heaven!

Time roll'd her years along; but with them came
No thoughts divine, to nurse the growing mind,
And tune the passions to their heavenly tone.
Ne'er did the voice of pure Instruction charm
Her willing ear, nor meek-eyed Wisdom stoop,
With fond attention, to each budding thought
And sweet demand:—Unto the dew-bright stars
Her finger pointed oft,—the sun and moon
Were shining wonders,—and the ocean-roar,
Like hidden rapture, ran through every vein;

Until her being quaked for joy!—yet none
Were by, to warm her wonder into praise,
And stamp God's image brighter on the soul;
None lock'd her little hands in prayer, or spoke
Of Angels that o'erwatch a sinless child.

. . . . .

But when, at length, the perfect woman dawn'd
Upon the world,—the rapture of a dream
Ne'er imaged to the mind a lovelier form;
She was a paragon;—her beauties, such
As love to bask upon the poet's page;
The starry lustre of her speaking eyes—
Her brow—her hair of hyacinthine bloom,
And neck of swan-like grace,—all seem'd divine,
When, with the lightness of a cloud, she walk'd

Her chamber, or amid the ball-room blazed;—
The form was heavenly, but the mind of earth,
A shrine for vain-born hopes and sensual dreams,
Without a thought, a sigh, or wish for Heaven!
E'en to the last, when on her pain-worn cheek
The tints of death were seen, no tender lip
Reveal'd the coming hour, nor in her heart
Did faith's sweet music roll: she was so mild,
So fair in form, and so adored below,
Sure God would take her to His bowers of light!—
So dream'd Compassion's unreflecting heart;
But while the living mourn'd her wing'd to heaven,
Her spirit shudder'd on the way to hell!

Not least deserveless of a nobler lot,

Among the legions of assembled Souls,
Was he,—the self-idolater; who made
His mind a vortex for ingulphing all
That worldly craft and sordid dreams inspire:
Unlink'd to self,—and Earth a desert seem'd,
A vacancy, where nothing glorious dwelt;
But, to administer to mean-bred pride,
To pile his wealth, and lend ambition wings,—
For this mankind were fool'd with base applause:
The very devils long'd for such a soul,
So loveless, and defiled with selfish dross.—
And yet he broke no law, and dared no crime;
But in his pew devoutly pray'd, and felt
The pulse of Reputation, with the pride
Of specious virtue! Yet, tremendous God!

Before Thee, never could such Spirit stand,
And live ; a worldling could not breathe in Heaven !—
When did he look upon the lofty sky,
Or hear the breezes round his temples hymn,
And glory in his being? When did Morn
Arise to re-awake the world, or Night
Descend to beautify her brow with stars,—
And he adore?—No! though the dreadful Deep
Should thunder all her waves to foam,—or Plagues,
Like noiseless whirlwinds, sweep half earth away!—
Still, tomb'd within himself, he would not weep,
Or wonder;—what to him were Nature's pranks?
Not Genius, crown'd with her celestial light,
Not rival Art, nor Beauty darting out
The radiant magic of her meaning eye,—

Could plant one noble passion in his soul:
No renegade was he! for when the ray
Of life was languishing in death, and hell
Before him sounding like a coming blast,—
A thought look'd back, and wept the world behind!

Such were a few of all the cited damn'd;
Among them, millions who had blazed, when Time
Stalk'd o'er the earth, as demigods of fame,
Were found: philosophers,—whose rebel doubts
Would, Titan-like, have disenthroned THE GOD
Of heaven,—were here!—and hosts of every shade
Of sin, from visor'd crime, to daring vice;
And those, whose coward virtues only shone,
Untried, when happiness around them smiled;—

Unlike the truly good, whose virtues were
As stars,—unnoticed in the haughty glare
Of day, but in their full effulgence seen
And felt, when darkness overshrouds the world:—
Not least in number were of middle stamp,
Nor good, nor bad, and yet too base for heaven,—
Triflers,—who bravely pass'd from life to death,
Like full-wing'd vessels o'er a gallant sea!

And did not meek-eyed Mercy stoop to save?
She beckon'd every breathing soul to Heaven!
By day and night she whisper'd to the heart,—
"A God! Eternity! A Day of Doom!"
By funeral knells, and swiftly dying friends,

In solemn hours, and serious moods, by pangs
Within, and perils from without,—by all
The eloquence of love and truth divine,
She summon'd man to worship, and be saved!—
In vain! unebbing flow'd the tides of joy,
And gaily tript the fairy Hours along:
Eternity was but in name, a Heaven
The bright creation of a poet's dream,
And Hell—but burning in a priestly brain!

Men died; and could they have resumed their
breath,
With one terrific howl they would have thrill'd
Creation round,—" There is, there is a Hell!"—

But now, for ever dungeon'd must they rest,
Where minutes seem eternities of pain!

The crowns they might have worn in happier
realms,
Now only glanced in mocking dreams, that make
Damnation more severe: their wasted hours,
Corrupting pleasures, and degrading joys;
The sabbaths broken, and the God blasphemed;
Their sin and shame,—all in a burning mass
Of thought, return upon the guilty soul,
Whose self-conviction is the fiercest hell!—

Thus thought the Fiend; and far around he gazed,
And glanced the sea of Souls, till in his eye

Regret and Vengeance strove ; but while he mused,

Back on himself their mingled torments roll'd !

Again, the fury of eternal fires !

And, shrieking, fled the spirits of the damn'd !

BEAUTIFUL INFLUENCES.

" Suppose the singing birds musicians ;
The flowers fair ladies ; and thy steps no more
Than a delightful measure, or a dance."

SHAKSPEARE.

BEAUTIFUL INFLUENCES.

O for a summer noon, when light and breeze
Sport on the grass, like ripples o'er a lake
Alive with freshness! when the full round Sun,
With The Creator's smile upon his face,
Walks like a prince of glory through the path
Of Heaven!—Thou vast, and ever-glorious sky,
Mantling the earth with thy majestic robe,
At such an hour, with what unsated eye
We look upon thee, till the soul is lost

In thine immensity, and we appear
O'erwhelm'd with mighty thought!

Say, care-worn man,
Whom Duty chains within the city walls,
Amid the toiling crowd, how grateful plays
The fresh wind o'er thy sickly brow, when free
To tread the springy turf,—to hear the trees
Communing with the gales,—to catch the voice
Of waters, gushing from their rocky womb,
And singing as they wander:—How sublime
Upon a time-blanch'd cliff to muse, and, while
The eagle glories in a sea of air,
To mingle with the scene around!—Survey
The sun-warm heaven, and, at the darksome base

Of yon o'erhanging rock, the ocean clad
With waves, all shining as they swell to life,—
Spring-hours will come again, and feelings rise
With dewy freshness o'er thy wither'd heart.

Nor is the scene, though unbeheld, forgot;
The eye is faithful to the heart, and when
Afar from some Arcadian haunt, we thread
The crowded city's unromantic streets,
The spot we love refreshing influence yields;
Beneath our feet a fairy pathway flows,
The grass still glitters in the summer breeze,
The dusky wood, and distant copse appear,
And that lone stream, upon whose chequer'd face
We mused, when noon-rays made the pebbles gleam,

Is mirror'd to the mind: though all around
Be rattling hoofs and roaring wheels, the eye
Is wand'ring where the heart delights to dwell.

Are there not hours of an immortal birth,—
Bright visitations from a purer sphere,
That cannot live in language? Is there not
A mood of glory, when the mind attuned
To heaven, can out of dreams create her worlds?—
Oh! none are so absorb'd, as not to feel
Sweet thoughts like music coming o'er the mind:
When prayer, the purest incense of a soul,
Hath risen to the throne of heaven, the heart
Is mellow'd, and the shadows that becloud
Our state of darken'd being, glide away;

The Heavens are open'd! and the eye of Faith
Looks in, and hath a fearful glimpse of God!

And, Genius!—undisputed gift of heaven,
From thee what feelings flow! the passions own
Thy sway, and waken at thy quickening power,
Like flowers expanding to the breath of morn:—
Then bind his temples with a fadeless wreath,
Give him the proudest seat, the princely rank,
And all the deeper homage of the mind,
Who, like a God, among mankind is felt,
And, from the purest sunshine of his soul,
Sends forth the rays that glorify the world!

Who hath not felt the might of genius rise,

And stir his spirit to a storm of thought?—
Oh! I could kneel, and worship at his feet,
Whose overwhelming lines of mind have witch'd
My fancy, and unlock'd a thousand springs
Of feeling, that have never gush'd before;
So haughty is my joy, that I have blush'd
For all dark thoughts, and all demeaning cares.
At such a mood, our solitude is fill'd
With bright creations, and Elysian scenes
Ope in a vision on the eye of thought.
Thus warm'd by genius, hie thee to the haunts
Where Nature shows her blooming face: how bright
The sun, how beautiful the liquid air,
What music from the streams, and from the breeze
Around thee humming like a breath of joy!

A universal beauty clothes the world,
And one heart seems to beat for all mankind!
Till, full of glorious feeling, thou wouldst fain
Become an angel to adore thy God,—
A more than mortal to complete his praise.

And will not Mind a beauteous influence yield?
Oh! glorious 'tis, amid some antique hall,
To worship all alone the pictured shapes
Bright with the hues of mind, where Genius breathes
An atmosphere around, and where the eye
Feeds on the beauty of the painter's soul!—
Whether a landscape, whose ethereal lights,
Like gleams upon the water, glow o'er tree
And bower, and sky luxuriantly unroll'd,—

Or dream-like forms, or features bright'ning forth
Like angels', woo th' impassion'd gaze,—a rich
Delight,—a harmony of feeling warms
The fancy, when again we greet the world;
The mind is fill'd with loveliness, which joys
To throw enchantment over common scenes,
And make dull earth draw nearer heaven.——

Who hath not felt the magic of a voice,—
Its spirit haunt him in romantic hours?
Who hath not heard from Melody's own lips
Sounds that become a music to his mind?
Music is heaven! and in the festive dome,
When throbs the lyre, as if instinct with life,
And some sweet mouth is full of song,—how soon

A rapture flows from eye to eye, from heart
To heart—while floating from the past, the forms
We love are re-created, and the smile
That lights the cheek is mirror'd on the heart.
So beautiful the influence of sound,
There is a sweetness in the homely chime
Of village bells; I love to hear them roll
Upon the breeze; like voices from the dead,
They seem to hail us from the viewless world!

And yet, nor music, nor the painter's mind
Upon his canvass breathed, imprints a charm
So deeply faithful as the piercing glance
Of young-eyed Beauty.—Beauty!—she hath been
The witching tyrant of the universe,

From her first blush in Eden's virgin bower;
Time cannot shake her throne, great Wisdom bows
Before her, warriors are her slaves, and half
A mighty world hath worshipp'd at her feet!
Her name is magic, and the mind is moved
Like air by music haunted, when her name
Runs through the ear, and reaches to the heart!
Then cursed be he that with unhallow'd eye
Can look on Beauty, which is born of heaven,
The boast of Nature, and the charm of souls.

THE SPIRIT OF TIME.

Horæ quidem cedunt, et dies, et menses, et anni: nec præteritum tempus unquam revertitur: nec, quid sequatur, sciri potest.

CICERO.

THE SPIRIT OF TIME.

ANOTHER Year, methought a Spirit cried,
Another Year is gone! Still rolls the World
Magnificent as ever; bright the Sun,
And beautiful his native heaven; the Earth
Around, looks fresh as on her birth-day morn;
And Man, as gay as if no knell had rung,
No heart been broken, and no tears been shed!-
Where, then, the hist'ry of the fleeted Year,
Of weal and woe, of glory and of shame?
ETERNAL! not a minute wings away

That doth not waft a record to Thy throne:—
Time cannot die; the dim, departed years
Will rise again, and cited ages come
Like thoughts,—creations of the mind.—

A Year hath fled, and in Eternity
His awful burden cast!—what hath he won?
Ye Thunders! ministers of cloudy wrath,
With herald lightnings to sublime your power,
Say, from your caves shall ye be summon'd forth,
And tell your havoc; in the blaze of noon,
And in the night-wing'd tempest darkly made?
Or shall I bid th' unbosom'd ocean yield
Her dead, or let the unfrequented graves
Unlock, and shew their ghastly inmates there?

Alas! there is no moral loud enough
To hush the laugh of Life above the tomb;
Time, accident, and change,—they pass away
Like shadowy dreams; the deepest, dreadest voice
Of Nature will not rouse the world to think.—
There was an earthquake in a far-off isle;
The heavens were blacken'd, and the dark waves
yell'd,
While Ocean, heaving like a human breast
In agony, groan'd wildly from her depths!
All earth seem'd fear-struck; on their bowing trees
The leaves hung shudd'ring, through the heated air
The dull wind mutter'd with a spirit-tone,
And fitfully the island-cities rock'd!
At midnight came the Earthquake in his wrath

And strength, and made the world's foundation reel!
Temples and domes were shatter'd; shrieks and
prayers
Rang wildly through the skies, and gulf'd within
Th' uncavern'd ground a thousand corses lay!—
Morn rose again, a sadness cloak'd each brow;
Yet none could dream of Judgment in their doom,
And in the earthquake hear the voice of Heaven!

A Year hath vanish'd,—and how many eyes
Are film'd, how many lovely cheeks are cold!
What lips, that let out music from the soul,
Are death-seal'd now! Bend, human Pride! and see
The desolation and the curse of Time:—
Monarch of millions! at whose royal feet

The treasures of the ransack'd earth were laid,
And on whose brow the pride of Ages sat,
Where slumber'st thou?—the sleep of death is thine,
And worms will revel on thy ashy form
As on the meanest of thy kindred dust!

What hast thou lost, unheedful World? Thy great
Have died; Spirits, amid whose lightning track
The common herd are lost in bright eclipse,—
Thy Kings, thy Warriors, and thy Statesmen too,—
Have perish'd; hast thou mourn'd thy mighty dead
Go! weep for one, the wonder of his day,
A tow'ring Genius of gigantic grasp,
A Man whom England may exult to hail
Her own,—a Patriot, on whose dying lips

Her haughty name like an enchantment hung!
His chief inheritance, a lofty Soul,—
He battled through the darkness of his lot,
And shone aloft,—the brightest of them all
That wrestled with the tempests of renown!—
What genius glow'd within that gifted mind,
What eloquence came flowing from the fount
Of fiery thought within,—demand of hearts
That felt his words, like new-born feelings, play
Their inspiration round them! when with eye
That kindled with the kindling truth, he stretch'd
His mind o'er empires, and round captive isles
Bade Liberty to wave her awful wings!

But when the mighty die, the mean begin

To live; and thus with thee, departed one!
Scarce on the wind thy death-knell ceased to moan,
Ere darkly rose the pestilential breath
Of Slander's venal lip, to blight thy name,
And turn thy soul as tainted as her own!—
Yes! they who fear'd the thunders of thy voice
In Retribution's proud revenge,—arose,
And on thy mem'ry heap'd the hoarded wrath
Of envy:—let them riot in their shame!
What, though some error cast a doubtful shade
Upon thy glories, shall we laud them less?
Are skies less beautiful, because the clouds
Sail o'er them? shines the morning sun less bright,
Because a passing shade profanes his brow?—

Thou hast a monument in noble minds
That will not moulder; Time shall guard it there!

But not alone the glorious and the great
Hast thou entomb'd, thou unreturning Year!
'Tis in the noiseless sphere of common life,
In humble homes, by happy evening hearths,
Where once the social hearts were gather'd round,
We trace a fearful havoc in thy flight.—
Alas! how many whom the infant Year
Beheld in beauty, looking on through life
As through a vista of eternal joy,
Have vanish'd,—like the bloom of early hope!
What blue-eyed babes, beside the parent knee

Reflecting smile for smile, have wing'd away,
Like birds of Paradise, to their own home!—
What creatures, budding into womanhood,
Who loved the silent walk, and made the flowers
Companions of their virgin thoughts,—have gone
To graves, with all a mother's treasured hope!
Go, see the mournful chamber, where of yore
When Winter howl'd his dirge, the gush of song
And heart-warm fellowship of evening hours
Was heard,—now mute, as if the tones of Joy
Had never scatter'd echoes there!—Alas!
For him, who in the green young spring had wed
The heart he worshipp'd; gaily beam'd the Sun
Upon that morn of crowned love; long days
Of bliss, and all the bright romance of youth

In radiant visions gather'd round his heart,
And now,—the world's become a tomb to him!

And thou, O Fashion!—at thy gilded shrine,
What victims have been offer'd up! From haunts
Where all the purer passions bloom and dwell,
And Nature is the holy nurse of Thought,
The maiden martyrs have been brought to thee;
And saddening 'twas to see the piteous change
From innocence, to each corrupting joy:
At home, they wander'd in ancestral woods,
Gazed on the brooks, and felt a brightening dream
Flash from their surface o'er the guiltless heart;
Yes! beautiful that freshness of the soul,
When summer breezes, like the gladsome wings

Of viewless Spirits, vivified the air!
Or when, with eye expanding in delight,
They mark'd the heavens all blazon'd o'er with clouds
And beams, and bless'd the hand that hung them
there;
Then Life was holy, full of heavenward joy,
And all their thoughts, like sunbeams, where they fell
Shed brightness and a beauty round:—oh! ill
Exchanged for steaming rooms and crowded halls,
For heartless pride, and unromantic hours!
Then work'd the havoc of the mind within;
The fount of generous feeling frozen up,—
The heart-laugh tamed to an obsequious smile,—
And every young affection wither'd off
In bleak and barren pomp!—they died;

And heavy knells were rung, when marriage-peals,
Like merry prophets, should have loudly hail'd
The coming years;—'twas Fashion chained their
course!

E'en thou, oh Genius! whose unearthly spell
Sublimes the world, hast earn'd the dismal tomb
Within the parted Year. Yet, one there was,
On whom Oblivion's pall should not have dropt
Her gloom; he never heard a great man's name,
Without a thrill, electric as divine;
He never saw a monument to Mind,
But Glory came, and sat him on her throne!
I saw the haughty light that lit his brow,
The emulation firing from his soul,

And mantling all his features with the mind,
When first that ever-haunting dream of Youth,
The goal to which ambitious thoughts would run—
The City-queen of England,—met his gaze
Of wonder: round him flowed her streams of life,
Fierce in the strength of countless lands and isles!
Temples, and Towers familiar with the clouds,
And Streets gigantic, in their glittering flow
Branching away, like rivers in the sun,
Claim'd tributary awe,—but soon grew dim;
From ancient times a mighty shadow came,
And in it, his enthusiastic eye
Saw Spirits, who are palaced in the skies!

But Genius is a martyr to itself;

And that immortal lava of the soul,
That fire he felt, for which there is no name,
Consumed him, while it glorified each thought:
One midnight, when, deserted and untrod,
The Capital had lock'd her thousand limbs
In slumber, and a silence shrouded all,
With a cathedral awe, alone he stood
Amid some mute vast square, and deeply watch'd
The heavens, and spread his spirit to the stars,
That seem'd to brighten as his fancy glow'd!—
The mystery of Being, and the might
Of Him, whose fiat fashion'd sumless Worlds,
And Life and Death, the silence of the grave,
That dark unknown we all are doom'd to know!—
Came on him now; 'twas his last hour of dreams;

The lights of Heaven ne'er look'd on him again,
The morrow made his grave!——

No more of sorrow for the fleeted year;
No tears can cancel, or recall it, now:
Hereafter, when before the throne of God
Eternity is balanced, all its Crimes
And Virtues will be summon'd to their doom:—
Hark! from a host of dimly-vision'd spires
The midnight hour is rolling to the skies,
While doubtful echoes undulate the air,
Then glide away, like shadows into gloom!
A solemn peal,—a farewell voice of Time,
It leaves a ling'ring tone in many a heart,
Where Merriment has made her home; the Young

Who hear it in the festive chamber, sigh,
And send their thoughts sad pilgrims to a tomb!
The Aged hear it,—and forget the World!

A Year hath vanish'd, and another Year
Is born: what awful changes will arise,
What dark events lie hidden in the womb
Of Time, Imagination cannot dream:
Ye Heavens! upon whose brow a stillness lies,
Deep as the silence of a thinking heart
In its most holy hour, the World hath changed,
But ye are changeless; and your midnight race
Of starry watchers glance our glorious isle
Undimm'd, as when amid her forest depths
The Savage roam'd, and chanted to the moon.—

O England! beautiful, and brave, and free,
With Ocean like a bulwark round thee thrown!
Thoughts of thy destiny awake the heart
To fearful wonder;—from the wildest state
Of darkness raised, and magnified by Heaven!
What though a troubled Spirit walk the Earth,
And Fancy hear the distant war-drums roll,
Long may thy sea-domes proudly ride the waves,
And o'er the World still reign the Island Queen;
May each new year add glory to thy name,
And Time be vanquish'd, ere he sully Thee!

ON READING A REVIEW,

WHICH ACCUSED THE AUTHOR OF PRESUMPTION IN CELEBRATING THE OMNIPRESENCE OF THE DEITY.

YES! I have sung THE OMNIPRESENT GOD:—
Then let the scorner curl his lip profane,
And pour contempt on what he cannot feel;
Enough for me, if *one* unworldly mind
Hath thank'd my heavenward strain: enough for
me,—
Oh! more than Aspiration could desire,—
If He, at whose tremendous name the heart

Is shadow'd o'er with secret awe, hath blest
The lyre whose strings have quiver'd forth His
praise—
Thy praise, ETERNAL!—not a wrathful Wind
That sweeps the earth, but trembles with Thy
power!
No sight is seen, no sound is heard—but Thou
Art there!—Creation cries aloud to Thee!
And may not man, so gloriously endow'd,
Join in the chorus of Creation round?

Thou, Thou alone, canst fathom human hearts;
And if with fearful hope, but pure desire,
I've vow'd to Thee the sacrifice of song,—
Then Thou wilt bless it, and accept the strain,

Though far beneath the glory of the theme:
So shall the spirit of my lyre repeat
Thy praise,—and sound along the sea of Time,
A voice eternal in the truth of God!

———

ANGELS.

Spirits, that with unblasted eyes behold
The Great Eternal on his throne of light!—
Dwellers in heaven! who hail'd the finish'd world,
When stars, all animate with music, sang—
Angels!—descend, irradiate my mind,
And make my thoughts as beauteous as your own.

What are ye, round whose names a glory shines?

Perchance, the saints of pre-existent worlds
Beatified? or emanations breathed,
Ere matter was, from the Primeval Mind?
Viewless ye are, and undefined; yet, oft
Of fancy born, what dream-like beauty-shapes
Are flash'd from out the soul! And when the lull
Of music melts into the listening heart,
Like sunshine into snow, there seem to float
Upon the spirit-gaze, ethereal things,—
Features and forms, too beautiful for worlds!
Are these the shadows of diviner shapes
Above?

And Nature prompts romantic dreams,
Whose revelations are too lovely, save

For haunts in heaven. When Evening wreathes the
sky
With billows of fantastic light, and o'er
The landscape, sweeter than the errant tones
From harp-strings dash'd, a host of breezes sound!
Then POESY, with INSPIRATION stands,
And from some rocky pinnacle surveys
The sun go down in glory! then the hour
When mind creates, and a seraphic throng
Are imaged, walking o'er their fields of light!

But whatsoe'er ye are, th' omnific Word
Reveals, angelic ministers have been
Bright harbingers from an empyreal sphere:
When Paradise lay shining in the sun,

With all her progeny of fruits and flowers,
Immortals! oft your godlike radiance glanced
Between the garden-trees, while Earth's first pair
Beheld ye coming like celestial dreams!—

And have not empires that are dead been ruled
By Angels, delegates of THE SUPREME?
Where art Thou, Archangelic One! whom he
Of Patmos * with the Spirit's eye foresaw?
Wrapp'd in a cloud, a rainbow o'er thy head;
Thy face sun-bright, with limbs of fearful fire,
Thou didst descend, and on the prostrate deep
Thy right foot plant, and with a thunder-voice
To heaven didst swear,—that TIME SHOULD BE NO
MORE!

* Revelations.

Elysian race! while o'er their slumbering flocks
The Galilean shepherds watch'd, ye came
To sing Hosannahs to the heaven-born babe,
And shed the brightness of your beauty round:
Nor have ye left the world, but still unseen
Surround the earth, as guardians of the good,
Inspiring souls, and leading them to heaven!
And oh! when shadows of a future world
Advance, and Life is in the grasp of Death,
'Tis yours to hallow and illume the mind,
To bring the starry wreath by angels worn,
And crown the Spirit for her native sphere.

ON THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE CANNING.

HARK! Freedom's wail has awed the wind,
  Careering round pale Albion's shore,—
A death-dirge for the giant mind
  Whose light on earth is quench'd and o'er;
    A pillar of the World's renown,
    The lion one that trampled Slavery down,
          Is no more!—
    But, England, cease thy mournful cries,
    For such a patriot never dies!

Though dim the eyes so wont to roll
With radiant language of the soul;
And death-lock'd be the lips, that glow'd
Like portals to a mind o'erflow'd
With musical sublimity;
His spirit's glory, fair and bright,
And beautiful as seraph light,
Will live on everlastingly;
And, like a never-setting sun,
Illume the isle it rose upon!

Oh! he was Genius' darling child,
Her passion roll'd in every vein,
As meek, majestical, or wild,
She touch'd his thoughts' harmonious train;

She shaped his godlike glowing head,
And steep'd his soul in fire,
And wreath'd those lips, whose tones were shed
Like rapture from a lyre!
While Wit and Fancy, with immingling grace,
Breathed mental light and beauty o'er his face.

But Canning's gone!—I heard the knell
That echoed o'er his grave,
It sounded like a sad farewell
Of Freedom to the brave;—
But let not tears of anguish start,
His tomb is in his Country's heart!

LOST FEELINGS.

> "But yet we stand
> In a lone land,
> Like tombs to mock the memory
> Of hopes and joys which fade and flee
> In the light of life's dim morning."

Oh! weep not that our beauty wears
Beneath the wings of Time;
That age o'erclouds the brow with cares
That once was raised sublime.

Oh! weep not that the beamless eye
No dumb delight can speak;
And fresh and fair no longer lie
Joy-tints upon the cheek.

No! weep not that the ruin-trace
Of wasting time is seen,
Around the form and in the face,
Where beauty's bloom has been :—

But mourn the INWARD wreck we feel
As hoary years depart,
And Time's effacing fingers steal
Young feelings from the heart!

Those joyous thoughts that rise and spring
From out the buoyant mind,
Like summer bees upon the wing,
Or echoes on the wind.

The hopes that sparkle every hour,
Like blossoms from a soul
Where Sorrow sheds no blighting power,
And Care has no controul,—

With all the rich enchantment thrown
On Life's fair scene around,
As if the world within a zone
Of happiness were bound!

Oh! these endure a mournful doom,
As day by day they die;
Till Age becomes a barren tomb
Where wither'd feelings lie!

March, 1828.

BATH.

Sweet are yon hills that crown this fertile vale!
Ye genial springs! Pierian waters, hail!

ANSIEY.

Nullus in orbe sinus Baiis prælucet amœnis.—HOR.

THE morn awakes, and o'er yon wood-brow'd hill

Reluctantly the languid mists are roll'd,

While, downward gazing, we survey a mass

Of domes, that in the airy distance rise

Like the dim swelling of a far-off sea:

But, lo! the Lord of day unshrouds his front

Of light,—he comes to beautify the earth,
And shower his smiles upon creation round!
And now, BATHONIA! nestled in the lap
Of circumambient hills, thy countless roofs
Rise glitt'ring; from a host of chimneys winds
A smoky incense, wreathing into air,
And far away the pulse of Life resounds!

Queen of the West! around whose storied walls
The shadowy visions of departed years
Still ling'ring dwell, and at whose ancient name
Our classic dreams awake,—at this bright hour,
Of all the cities whom the Morn salutes
With crowning light, who shines supreme as thou?
Thy hills, that in their billowy swell abound,

Hang laughing in the sun ;—the sandy cliff,
The shining field, and fir-trees greenly mass'd,
The cottage bosom'd in secluded vale,
And far canal, that with a drowsy chime
Winds mazily along its sloping banks,
And here and there the radiant glance of streams,—
Delight the errant gaze.—

And now, with noontide's flood of sunshine flash'd
Upon thee, beautifully shine thy streets
Of upland steep, or white and level length !
Whether we roam where Fashion's heedless throng
And young-eyed beauties walk ; or pensive seek
Some more deserted haunt, where stately domes

Throw o'er the paved walk a pensive shade,—
Not undelighted shall we stray;—but, see!
The regal Crescent, mantled with the rays
Of noon, and looking like some vision glanced
In shining depths of thought;—a princely pile,
With dignity and beauty crown'd: behind,
O'erbrow'd with crescents and encircling streets,
With intermingling groves, and glowing fields;
Before,—a sweep of nature, from a spread
Of meads, sun-tinted, venerable woods,
And valleys, with their verdure fresh and fair,
And streams, that shyly roll themselves away
Like serpents in the sun,—awaits us here:
Hither! oh, pale recluse! and charm thy gaze

Now while the heavens hang high and clear, and
health
Comes bounding on the breezy wings of air!

Amid the glories of thy beauteous streets,
Bathonia, long may Mercy smiling see
The domes by Charity's bright hand uprear'd:
Around them breathes a hallowing grace, and o'er
Thy vanities, that make the sages laugh,
Redeeming influence shed: despairing *Woe*,
Deserted *Want*, and *Sickness* with her brood
Of pale-faced martyrs seen, are shelter'd here;
And pure ascends their prayer of gratitude!

A happier scene!—hark! to the music roll,

Swelling and sinking through a spacious file
Of gay pedestrians; not a face but stirs,—
A dial to the heart by music touch'd!
Spirit of Fashion! thine this noontide haunt:
Here flow the healing waters from their fount
Of Mystery; here victims of an hour
Sport in the sunshine of a vacant mind:
The dandy, proud of whisker and of waist,
And taper youths, ambitious of cigar
And snuff,—the old maid, mournful as her fate,—
Some haughty remnant of an ancient race,
Sad with the gout, yet smiling through his pain,—
With Beauties, exquisitely changed, from eyes
All darkly deep, and dewy as a tear,
To the bright azure, sunny as the soul

That lights their magic up,—are mingled here,
And look or laugh their varied feelings out:—
But,—holy sight! avaunt ye idly vain!
For Age upon the tender arm of Youth
Advances; blessed child! the eye of Heaven
Is on thee now, thus gently giving back
The love that o'er thy cradle watch'd, and led
Thy footsteps through the mead, and framed thy
heart
To feelings tender, and to fancies sweet.

The noon hath pass'd; and o'er the humming
streets
A wintry shroud of night is hung, while lamps,
And window-gleams from far and near prevail;

But Pleasure owns no night of dark eclipse,
For lo! the Theatre, and to it speed
A throng of creatures, whom the rainbow hues
Have richly sprinkled for a sumptuous robe!—
Long may the DRAMA in Bathonia bloom,
And Shakspeare's Spirit consecrate the boards,
And stamp his morals on each British heart!
Nor you, gay minglers in the mimic scene,
Deem lightly of the stage where Siddons trod,
Where dawn'd the glory of her future years!—
The Theatre,—the Rooms of royal space,
Where Melody and Beauty meet,—or Dance,
Where feet, far lighter than the snow-falls, move,
And shapes elastic as the breezes bound,—

Now court the homage of a happy hour,
And through the eye shoot magic to the soul!

Stranger! the glowing day of life is o'er;
The hum of multitudes, the mingled sounds
Of Sorrow and of Pleasure cease to roll
Along the bright and busy scenes of Bath,
And Sleep sits dewy on a thousand lids:
A deep and tomb-like stillness shrouds the air
Of midnight, houses seem a mass of shade,
And, like gigantic temples in a dream,
The Steeples point their darkness to the clouds!

O! ever since my life-pulse beat, and thought
Hath wrestled with my soul, the midnight hour

Hath been more eloquent than day to me;
Its silence breathes a mystery, and heaven
Above me hanging with her starry host,
Comes o'er me with celestial awe: but, list!
Time sounds a sad memento!—Mighty Power!
To whom yon worlds are but as dew-drops link'd
By night, when rank'd against Thy fearful strength,
Look down, and lift my feelings up to Thee!

And now, farewell! perchance for aye, farewell!
Bathonia! few thy smiles that fall on me,
Though never yet hath word, or look of love,
Forgotten been; but, treasured in the heart,
They still are felt; and if, in after years,
Haply again I view thy green-crown'd hills,

And move a stranger through thy voiceless streets,

And watch thy spirit-stars, this farewell hour

Will come again, and, like a moonlight scene,

The past be colour'd with romantic gleams.

Bath, Jan. 12, 1829.

STANZAS.

"The flower that smiles to-day,
  To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
  Tempts and then flies;
What is this world's delight?"

The hour is past, the pleasure o'er,
  And dumb the harp and glee;
Fair feet no longer trip the floor,
  Alive with melody!

Those fairy forms, those shapes of love,
  That draw the poet's sigh,—
Sweet sprites that leave their bowers above,
  To charm a human eye;

All, all are gone! the lights have fled
  From yon deserted room;
Dark as a chamber of the dead,
  And voiceless as the tomb!

And now I am alone again,
  With feelings undefined;
A pilgrim in a world of pain,
  An unpartaken mind.

The silent walk, the waning moon,
 And melancholy sky,—
Yes, these will make me feel how soon
 The hours of beauty fly!

Oh, Pleasure! brief as bright thou art,
 A momentary ray,—
A dream roll'd o'er a vacant heart,
 To charm—and die away!

June, 1828.

LONELINESS.

> " We are not happy, sweet; our state
> Is strange, and full of doubt and fear;
>
> .   .   .   .
>
> Hiding from many a careless eye
> The scorned load of agony."

ALONE, amid the wide and desert world,

Without a heart to echo to our own,

O ! what is all the pomp and play of life !-

There is a solitude that lifts the mind

To lofty things,—seclusion from the rush

And stir of the unfeeling crowd, whose days
Reap scarce a thought to sanctify their flight:
Far from the city din, may Wisdom haunt
Her lone retreats, and yet not live alone;
For is there not the fellowship of books
Divine,—the company of kindling thoughts,
And all that Nature yields a grateful mind?
This is not loneliness:—to look around
The peopled world, and 'mong its myriad hearts
To find no sympathies to nurse our own,—
O! this is loneliness!—that solitude
Of soul, which makes the world a desert seem.
What is the guerdon of Ambition worth,
The cold applause of common minds, the crown

Of Genius, and th' eternal wreath of Fame,
Without the smile of some partaking soul?—
For when the heart is full, the overflow
Of bliss, by being shared, is sweeter still:—
The very flowers, that in the May-breeze shake,
Bloom out together; and the blessed stars
Of Night walk not the pathless heavens alone,
But twinkle, though unseen, in blissful trines
Of sympathetic light; all beauteous things
Hold mystic fellowship, and gifted man
Without a brother-heart,—how darkly doom'd!
In sorrow cursed,—in happiness the same.

I know a man, supreme in mind and fame,
And yet not happy, though by happiest ones

Admired.—A loftiness of feeling, sprung
From cent'ries dead, and ancestors unknown,
Together with a soul-born pride that soars
Above the cloudy scene of vulgar life,—
In childhood fill'd him with a thirst of fame.
High fancies, of the hills and mountains born,
An inspiration from the haunted streams
And dim deserted woods, with all the rays
Of beauty, which creative mind attracts
From scenes that Contemplation loves,—awoke
His genius into glorious play; he struck
His lyre,—the World admired, and wreathed his brow
With Fame's triumphant wreath; he wears it still;
A thousand tongues grow eloquent for him,
A thousand eyes will sparkle forth his praise!

And when amid the gazing throng he sits,
A happy hypocrite to charm the hour,
And not obstruct the flow of joy,—the dreams
Of young Ambition brighten at his praise;
Alas! how often the o'erloaded heart
Relieves its anguish in the sweetest smile!—
There is a blank within his mighty soul
Which Admiration cannot fill; alone,
No trusting heart, no gentle voice of love,
No happy faces round his evening hearth,—
Are his to share; and what is brief renown?
A shade; and he?—a Soul in solitude!

Epsom, October 18, 1828.

ON SEEING A CELEBRATED POET.

The glorious creature!—by an idle lip
His name was breathed, and, swift as sudden thought,
I turn'd to see the venerable bard;
Ladies and lords, and all the giddy throng
That glitter'd near, departed like a sound
By fleet wind ravish'd,—till he stood alone,
A sun in single glory! There he stood—
The lord of verse, and monarch of the lyre;

Whose thoughts had been a language to my soul,
Whose spirit had beatified my own!

To Fashion's unreflecting eye, he seem'd
Of second order in the rank of men,
Whom dress or outward dignity adorn;
But, unto me,—immortal!—for his mind
Was that of angels, glowing with his God!
A poet, by that majesty of soul
Which princes might be proud to share,—a man
So mighty in himself, that Fortune was
Too mean to raise him: Genius was his dower,
And by her light divine he had subdued
The clouds that brooded o'er his birth, until

Above the world he rose and shone, and saw
Beneath him Admiration lift her eye!

The spirit beautified the form; and when
With a delightful awe I look'd upon
The bard,—the soul within that breathing shrine
Shed something godlike round his head, and brow
Uplifted, like a throne of thought.—The free
And simple joy, from freshening mountain airs,
Romantic vales, and breezy woodlands caught,
Play'd o'er his features,—which were stamp'd with
mind:
A stranger would have said,—there stands a man
Familiar with the sounds of heaven, and scenes

Of earth ! But in his eye, so deeply dark,—
What spirit-meaning there ! serenely bright
It beam'd, all radiant with divinest thought ;
It was a poet's eye ! before whose gaze
Of passion, Nature like a banquet spreads
Her beauties, clad with light, or cool'd by shade :
How roll'd that eye, when rock or mountain claim'd
Its wonder,—when it glanced the arch of heaven,
Magnificently hung with midnight worlds,
Or black with breeding thunder !—how it glow'd,
As oft he watch'd beside the swelling deep,
Until the sound of billows shook his soul,
Like spirit voices echoed on the wind !—
And yet, no proud assumption clothed his face

With daunting thought; benignity and love
Were there; an infant would have joy'd to see
The smile of Childhood on the cheek of Age!

And this was he whom Genius crown'd her own!
Soon might the shades of death eclipse those eyes,
And silence lock those lips; but, in his page,
The mind would bloom for ever! Ages might
Extinguish empires, warriors be forgot,
And temples moulder to primeval dust,
Still, he would be immortal, and the same,—
A heart whose feelings would o'erflow the world!

Such did the minstrel seem; and oh! forgive

The weakness, if an emulative hope
O'erwhelm'd my mind, and bade it proudly weave
Ambitious dreams: for would I not, thou Judge
Of thought! rather in some exalted line
Of noble strength, remember'd live,—or raise
One fine emotion in a feeling breast,—
Than boast the fame of heroes, or the blood
Of kings?—eternal is the Muse's crown!

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE, page 12.

"Heard in the wind, and vision'd in the cloud."

"Sees God in clouds, and hears Him in the wind."

POPE.

NOTE, page 55.

"A living picture, like a passion, pours
Delight into thine eye."

Since writing these words, I have met with the following passage in Wordsworth, somewhat similar in expression, though different in meaning:—

"——— The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion."

From LINES ON TINTERN ABBEY.

Note, page 81.

"How often in the hush
Of midnight, when the thoughtless learn to think."

"L'éclat du jour peut convenir à la joyeuse doctrine du paganisme; mais le ciel étoilé paroît le veritable temple du culte le plus pur. C'est dans l'obscuritè des nuits, dit un poète Allemande, que l'immortalité s'est révélée à l'homme."

De Stael.

Note, page 98.

"And from it Lightnings flash'd their fearful ire!"

"And out of the throne proceeded lightnings, and thunderings, and voices."

Revelations, Chap. iv. 5.

Note, page 117.

"The tempest of his coming darker grew."

"Far off his coming shone."

Milton.

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